

# THE GREEN BUSHES.

I'll buy you new *bavers* and fine silken gowns,  
I'll buy you new petticoats flounced to the ground,  
If you will prove constant and loyal to me  
And leave your own true love and follow with me.

I care not for *BAVERS* or fine silken hose,  
For I am not so poor as to marry for clothes ;  
But if you prove constant and loyal to me,  
I will leave my own true love and follow with thee.

Oh let us be going young man, if you please,  
Oh let us be going from under these trees,  
For my true love is coming—"Tis yonder I see,  
Down by the green bushes where he thinks to meet me."

And when that he found his true love she was flown,  
He stood, like a lambkin that *BLATES*, all alone ;  
For my true love is gone and she's forsaken me,  
Adieu the green bushes, for ever, says he.

## Blow, Gentle Gales.

( *Music by Bishop.* )

Blow, gentle gales, and on your wing

Our long expected succours bring,

Look ! look again,

'Tis all in vain :

Lo ! behold a pennant waiving !

'Tis the sea-bird's pinion laving ;

Hark ! a signal fills the air,

'Tis the beetling rock resounding,

'Tis the hollow wave rebounding,

Wild as our hope, deep as our despair,

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